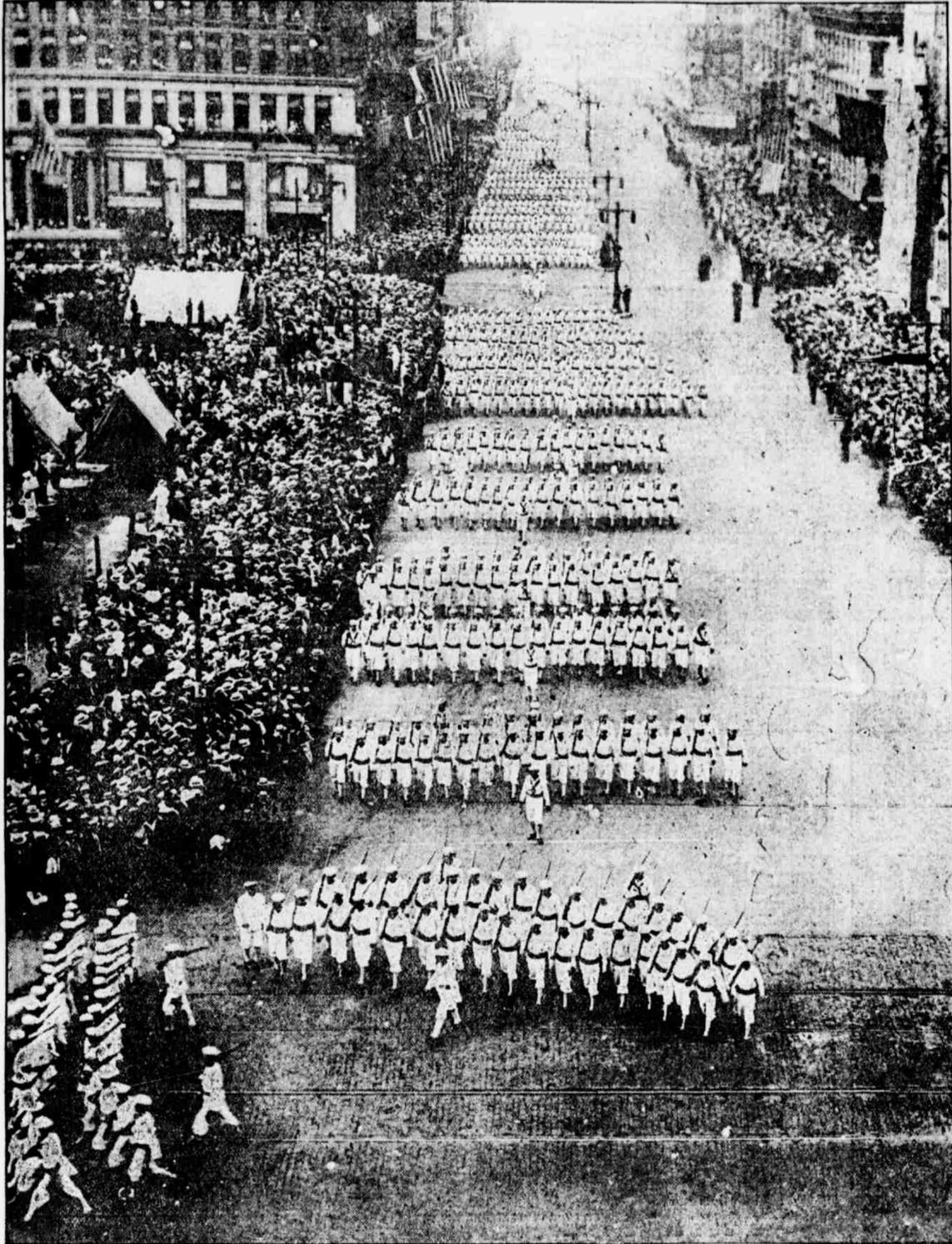


PHILADELPHIA THRILLS AS SOLDIER SONS PASS IN REVIEW



AS THE GREAT PROCESSION, SWEEPING IN MAJESTIC UNISON, PASSES AROUND CITY HALL



POLICE AND SOLDIERS RESTRAIN EMOTIONAL SPECTATORS WHO SOUGHT TO EMBRACE MARCHERS

SCRAPPLE

THE LIEUTENANT WHO CALLED ON WILLIE'S SISTER CAME VERY NEAR HAVING TO GO BACK TO TOWN IN DAD'S DERBY



By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)

I'd Rather

I'd rather be just where I am than lots of other places. I like this land of Uncle Sam and all that it embraces, although years ago I used to litch in foreign lands to travel and feli; if ever I got rich, their secrets I'd unravel. I thought I'd "night-see" in Berlin as soon as I got wealthy. Now I won't take that journey in. I don't think 'twould be healthy. I thought I'd sail upon the Rhine and see the German scenery and feed this dear old face of mine in some Vienna beasnery. I dreamed that I would quench my thirst with Munich lager foamy—eat forty different kinds of wurst, the worst that they could show me. I'd seek and find the native lair of sauerkraut and pickle, also the leather factory where they make the pumpernickel. But now I'll eat domestic greens and never cross the briny. I wouldn't risk the submarines to trink and fress with Helms. I wouldn't want a U-boat's crew to feed me to the fishes. I'd rather stay in town with you and live on Yankee dishes. WILL MOORE.

THE PADDED CELL

AT OUR SUMMER HOTEL



BEACH PHOTO OF MISS AGNES HOPE. MISS HOPE HAS BEEN RESCUED FROM THE ANGRY BREAKERS TWENTY TIMES THIS SEASON BUT IT NEVER SEEMS TO TAKE. SHE SAYS ALL HER HEROES JUST BRING HER IN AND THEN QUICKLY SAY GOOD BYE!

HAYWARD

He'll Be a "C. O." Then



—Cassell's Saturday Journal.
He (bitterly)—So I'm rejected, am I?
She—Yes; but you may come up for re-examination in six months' time.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



School cramps.

The Retort Feminine
She—What do you suppose Harold meant by sending me those flowers?
Also She—He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one.—Jack o'Lantern.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way she frequently sees in the shower rain soaked the kettle and the roses in button-wood blossoms in lavender tea.